NUMB. CXIII.

The SPECTATOR.

——Hærent infixi Pectore vultus. Virg.

Tuesday, July 10. 1711.

IN my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth, which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a distance from his House; as soon as we came into it, 'It is, quoth the good Old Man, looking round him with a Smile, very hard that any part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did, and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her, and by that Column I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that Beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to Carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees, so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love to attempt the removing of their Passion by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World.

Here followed a profound Silence, and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause, he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air with which I thought raised my *Idea* of him above what I had ever had before, and gave me the Picture of a cheerful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my Estate in my Twenty Second Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the most Worthy of my Ancestors, who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the sake of my Fame, and in Country Sports and Recreations for the sake of my Health. In my Twenty Third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County, and in my Servants, Officers, and whole Equipage indulged the Pleasure of a Young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that publick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to your self what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well Dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well Bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleas'd with the kind 'Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies 'and Windows, as I rode to the Hall where the 'Assizes were held. But when I came there a 'Beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sate in 'Court, to hear the Event of a Cause concerning 'her Dower: This commanding Creature (who 'was born for Destruction of all who behold her) 'put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, 'and bore the Whispers of all around the Court 'with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and 'then recovered her self from one Eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting some-'thing so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, 'with a Murrain to her, she casts her bewitching 'Eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed 'like a great surprized Booby, and knowing her 'Cause to be the first which came on, I cry'd like 'a Captivated Calf as I was, Make way for the 'Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made 'all the County immediately see the Sheriff also 'was become a Slave to the Fine Widow. Dur-'ring the time her Cause was upon Tryal, she be-'haved her self, I warrant you, with such a deep At-'tention to her Business, took Opportunities to have 'little Billets handed to her Council, then would be 'in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must 'know, by acting before so much Company, that not 'only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her 'Favour, and all that the next Heir to her Husband 'had to urge was thought so groundless and fri-'volous, that when it came to her Council to re-'ply, there was not half so much said as every 'one besides in the Court thought he could 'have urged to her Advantage. You must un-'derstand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of 'those unaccountable Creatures that secretly rejoice 'in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves 'in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she 'has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she re-'moves from her Slaves in Town, to those in the 'Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. 'She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Plea-'sures of Friendship; she is always accompanied 'by a Confident, who is witness to her daily Pro-'testations against our Sex, and consequently a Barr 'to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength 'of her own Maxims and Declarations.

'However, I must needs say this accomplished 'Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the 'rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER 'DE COVERLEY was the Tamest and most 'Human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was 'told she said so by one who thought he rallyed 'me, but upon the Strength of this slender Encou-'ragement, of being thought least detestable, I made 'new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent 'them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to

throw

throw their Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to croſs the Country and wait upon her. As ſoon as I thought my Retinue ſuitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I ſet out from hence to make my Addreſſes. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wiſhes, and yet command Reſpect. To make her Miſtreſs of this Art ſhe has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit and good Senſe, than is uſual even among Men of Merit. Then ſhe is beautiful beyond the Race of Women; if you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, ſhe will arm her ſelf with her real Charms, and ſtrike you with Admiration inſtead of Deſire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aſpect, that Compoſure in her Motion, that Complacency in her Manner, that in her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, ſhe is ſuch a deſperate Scholar, that no Country Gentleman can approach her without being a Jeſt. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her Houſe I was admitted to her Preſence with great Civility; at the ſame time ſhe placed her ſelf to be firſt ſeen by me in ſuch an Attitude, as I think you call the Poſture of a Picture that ſhe diſcovered new Charms, and I at laſt came towards her with ſuch an Awe as made me Speechleſs. This ſhe no ſooner obſerved but ſhe made her Advantage of it, and began a Diſcourſe to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When ſhe Diſcuſſed theſe Points in a Diſcourſe, which I verily believe was as Learned as the beſt Philoſopher in *Europe* could poſſibly make, ſhe asked me whether ſhe was ſo happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on theſe important Particulars. Her Confident ſate by her, and upon my being in the laſt Confuſion and Silence, this malicious Aid of hers, turning to her, ſays, I am very glad to obſerve Sir ROGER pauſes upon this Subject, and ſeems reſolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleaſes to ſpeak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had ſate half an Hour meditating how to behave before ſuch profound Caſuiſts, I roſe up and took my Leave. Chance has ſince that time thrown me very often in her way, and ſhe as often has directed a Diſcourſe to me which I do not underſtand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Diſtance from the moſt beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus alſo ſhe deals with all Mankind, and you muſt make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by poſing her. But were the like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how conſtant muſt the Pleaſure of that Man be, who could converſe with a Creature —But, after all, you may be ſure her Heart is fixed on ſome one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is ſaid! After ſhe had done ſpeaking to me, ſhe put her Hand to her Boſom, and adjuſted her Tucker. Then ſhe caſt her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earneſtly. They ſay ſhe ſings excellently, her Voice in her ordinary Speech has ſomething in it inexpreſſibly ſweet. You muſt know I dined with her at a publick Table the Day after I firſt ſaw her, and ſhe helped me to ſome Tanſy in the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the fineſt Hand of any Woman in the World. I can aſſure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the ſame Condition; for as her Speech is Muſick, her Form is Angelick; but I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her, but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at ſuch Perfection. On the Excellent Creature, ſhe is as inimitable to all Women, as ſhe is inacceſſible to all Men ——

I found my Friend begin to rave, and inſenſibly led him towards the Houſe, that we might be joined by ſome other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the ſecret Cauſe of all that Inconſiſtency which appears in ſome Parts of my Friend's Diſcourſe; tho' he has ſo much Command of himſelf, as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render in Engliſh, *Dum Tacet hanc Loquitur*. I ſhall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which repreſents with much Humour my honeſt Friend's Condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus nihil eſt niſi Nævia Rufo
Si gaudet, ſi flet, ſi tacet hanc loquitur:
Cænat, propinat, poſcit, negat, annuit, una eſt
Nævia: Si non ſit Nævia mutus erit.
Scriberet heſterna Patri cum Luce Salutem
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia, lumen ave.

Let Rufus *weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk,*
Still he can nothing but of Nævia *talk:*
Let him eat, drink, ask Queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of Nævia, *or be mute.*
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my Lovely Nævia, *ever thine.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Tueſday, being the 10th day of July, will be preſented a Comedy Call'd The Taming of a Shrew, or Sawney the Scot. The Part of Lord Beauſey by Mr. Keen, Woodall Mr. Johnſon, Petruchio Mr. Powell, Gardiby Mr. Husband, Winlove Mr. Bickerſtaff, Tranio Mr. Bullock Jun. Sir Lyonel Winlove Mr. Croſs, Jamy Mr. Norris, Sawney Mr. Bullock Sen. Margaret Mrs. Bradſhaw.

An Entertainment of Muſick, conſiſting of a Poem call'd, the Paſſion of Sapho: Written by Mr. Hanſon. And the Feaſt of Alexander: Written by Mr. Dryden; as they are to be Performed in Muſick by Mr. Thomas Clayton (Author of Arſinoe) will be performed at his Houſe in York Buildings, on Monday the 16th Inſtant, beginning at 8 in the Evening. Tickets at 5s. each, may be had at Mr. Charles Lillies, the Corner of Beauford-Buildings, and at Mr. Elliot's at St. James's Coffee-houſe.

This Poem is Sold by Jacob Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

For Sale by the Candle,

On Thurſday the 12th Inſtant at Lloyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at nine a Clock in the Forenoon (only one Cask in a Lot) the entire Cargo of the Abraham and Iſaac Galley, Henry Wolfe Maſter, from Maderas, conſiſting of fifty one Pipes of excellent new (white) Malveſey Maderas Wines, Racy and of the right Flavour; fifty ſix Pipes and ſeven Hogſheads of new white Maderas Wine, extraordinary good; 19 Pipes and 8 Hogſheads of old (very good and true) Red Maderas Wine Neat and juſt landed, now in Warehouſes, Cellars and Vaults at Smart's Key between Billingſgate and the Cuſtom-houſe. The ſaid Wines are to be ſeen and taſted on Thurſday and to Morrow from ſix a Clock to one, and from two to ſeven. Note, the Sale is to begin at the Hour appointed (viz. nine a Clock in the Forenoon next Thurſday as above) and to be continued 'till one, then will be adjourn'd to four a Clock in the Afternoon, intending to Compleat the ſaid Sale the ſame Day. To be ſold by Tho. Tomkins Broker in Seething-lane in Tower-ſtreet.

Loſs of Memory or Forgetfulneſs, certainly Cured, By a grateful Electuary peculiarly adapted for that end: it ſtrikes at the Prime Cauſe (which few apprehend) of Forgetfulneſs, makes the Heart clear and eaſie, the Spirits free, active and undiſturb'd; corroborates and revives all the noble Faculties of the Soul, ſuch as Thought, Judgment, Apprehenſion, Reaſon and Memory; which laſt in particular it ſo ſtrengthens, as to render that Faculty exceeding quick and good beyond imagination; thereby enabling thoſe whoſe Memory was before almoſt totally loſt, to remember the Minuteſt Circumſtance of their Affairs, &c. to a wonder. Price 2s. 6d. a Pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne's at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard near Chapſide with Directions.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.